

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



A TORCH FOR THE WOLVES.

GUSTAVUS VASA; OR, PRINCE AND PEASANT.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TRAITOR.

"SIR," said Bav, "the dawn appears; shall we not go farther, as you proposed yesterday?"

Before Gustavus could answer they heard a noise in the courtyard below. Bav went to the window, and then turning to Gustavus, said in a whisper, "See, sir, our landlord is on his feet earlier than we are."

Gustavus quickly left his couch, and saw that Perssen had just mounted his horse, and was on the point of leaving the yard accompanied by two servants. The three endeavoured to make as little noise as possible.

"Where are you going to so early, friend Perssen?" called out Gustavus to him from the window.

"Ha!" replied Perssen, looking up with a smile, "I thought you were still in a deep sleep. Why not take a longer rest? That you may stay more than this one night with me, I intend to explore the neigh-

bourhood in order to ascertain whether any one has the least idea of your being here. I shall be back in a few hours, till then make yourself as comfortable as though you were in your own house. I have desired my wife to provide you with all that you may require. Good morning, my friend."

Once awake, Gustavus did not lie down again. Perceiving a light in his host's sitting-room, he went there and found his hostess occupied in preparing breakfast for her guest. Bav had returned to the servants' hall.

"Perssen has left you thus early on my account," remarked Gustavus, at the close of the first salutation. "I am sorry for it, indeed; I grieve to think that hitherto I have always been a burden to my hosts."

"Then you know—?" stammered out Mrs. Perssen, much embarrassed.

"He confessed it to me," replied Gustavus, "when I expressed my surprise at his early departure."

"Then what do you propose doing now?" asked Mrs. Perssen, trembling.

"Under the shelter of your hospitality I shall quietly await the news your husband may bring. He intended returning soon," replied Gustavus.

"Yes, he said so," said Mrs. Perssen. "The next village to us is Neerholm, where my husband's sister is married to the Danish commander. The condition the roads are in would take more than four hours to get there and back."

"Then your husband will indeed be able to obtain the information relating to my security. Let us speak of something else. Are your dear children still asleep?"

"They sleep fast and sound," replied Mrs. Perssen, mournfully; "there, look yourself."

She pulled aside the curtain behind which the two children were sleeping in their little beds.

"May the Almighty guard and protect you!" said Gustavus, whilst he looked with affectionate sympathy at the young sleepers, "and may your lot be a happier one than mine! Yes, dear lady, when my cradle was rocked it would never have been foretold that my father and other relations would fall under the executioner's axe, and that I myself should be hunted like a wild animal, perhaps to be taken at last in the toils of my cruel persecutors. In that case I should be much worse off than my father, for not without weighty cause has Christian set so high a price on my head."

Here Mrs. Perssen sighed deeply, and tears came into her eyes. "Will you not help yourself to some breakfast?" she hurriedly asked.

Gustavus helped himself, and whilst doing so exclaimed, with deep feeling,—

"So much the more happy am I, after the great misery I have endured, to have found in your husband a friend who, not under the influence of narrow-minded considerations, labours for me faithfully and with self-sacrifice."

Mrs. Perssen was silent; she stepped to the window and once more approached her children's bed. It was then that a conflict arose in her breast which, from quickly changing the expression of her features, would certainly not have escaped the notice of a more attentive observer than Gustavus, who continued quietly finishing his meal, indulging in no forebodings of evil. Suddenly his hostess placed both her hands on his shoulder, and with tears in her eyes and a voice choked with emotion, said,—

"Gustavus Eriksen, fly at once from hence, for the love of our country and for your own safety's sake! It is here that they intend to capture you."

"What! do I hear aright?" cried Gustavus, starting up from his seat. "Ha! can your husband be such a despicable traitor?"

"He is a weak man," said Mrs. Perssen, endeavouring to excuse her husband, "and perhaps a little greedy of the reward. He has great dread of King Christian's vengeance, and relies on his own relationship to the Danish commander for obtaining the high price offered for the capture of your person."

"But," said Gustavus, "why did your husband not secure me whilst I was asleep? He might have tied my hands and feet. Why does he seek the help of others? He has servants enough at his beck to seize me. I ask you, therefore, are you quite sure of it?"

"I grieve to say I am only too sure," answered the lady. "He dare not trust his servants, the greater number of whom are honest Swedes. Moreover, he feared your gigantic companion's resistance; and besides which, he would like to avoid the appearance at least of having himself made you a prisoner, and so disregarded the holy claims of hospitality."

"Thus do the coward and the traitor generally act," said Gustavus, sternly. "It is the bad appearance *alone*, not the dishonourable action *itself*, which he tries to avoid."

"Cease to censure him any more," entreated the lady, "but flee; my husband must already have nearly reached Neerholm."

"How can I flee," replied Eriksen, bitterly, "in this deep snow, and with a still weak leg?"

"Take a fleet horse from our stable and a light sledge, and I will tell my husband that you had conceived some suspicion, and determined on a speedy flight, so that it was not in the power of a helpless woman like myself to offer any effectual opposition to your demand. If any of our servants seek to prevent you, refer to my husband's words addressed to you before he left. Be quick, I conjure you!"

Gustavus speedily entered the servants' hall. "Which of your horses can you recommend as the fleetest?" said he, addressing a young man with an open, honest countenance.

"Well," replied the servant, "master has taken the fleetest this morning; but there is the brown, and the roan, or even the chestnut with the white spot, can gallop fast, and does not tire so soon."

"Very well," said Gustavus, "harness one of the three to the lightest sledge, and this shining dollar shall be yours."

"I will do so willingly without that," replied the servant, and withdrew, but soon returned with a dissatisfied look, saying: "That sulky Kätthist declares that the brown horse is spavined, that the roan has been over-driven, and that the chestnut has the glanders. All these ailments must have come on during the night, for it was only last evening that the horses were all in harness."

Burning with anger, Gustavus Vasa went to the stable. The surly gate-keeper of last night was idly leaning against the door.

"What do you want?" rudely asked the fellow of Gustavus, who had now entered the stable.

"Your mistress will inform you, dolt!" replied Gustavus, imperiously, at the same time pushing him aside, in spite of his size; and calling "Bav!

Bav!" he commanded him to select the lightest sledge, and take it out of the coach-house, while he himself examined the legs of the brown horse, on which no trace of spavin was to be found. In a few minutes the horse was harnessed to the sledge, in which Eriksen and Bav took their seats, all the retainers of the estate looking on.

"There, young fellow," said Gustavus, throwing the dollar he had promised him; "and now open the gate."

"Just you dare do it," said Kätthist, "if your bones are dear to you," at the same time laying hold of the reins to prevent the horse, which was stamping impatiently with his fore foot, from starting off. "Our master," he said, addressing himself to his fellow-servants, "expressly ordered that no one, whoever it might be, should leave the yard before his return, least of all any one doing so with his property."

"Keep off, rascal!" exclaimed Gustavus, "or you shall bitterly repent it."

"Oh!" scoffed Kätthist, "perhaps you rely on the strength and courage of the big lout by your side? Yes, truly, brave and strong he proved himself to be at the attack on full dishes and large loaves! To be brief, know, comrades, that this man who assumes so much importance lies under a ban, as an evil-doer and a rebel, for whose capture King Christian has promised a large reward. It is lucky we trapped this precious mouse. Let us profit by the opportunity and seize the fellow, and so fill our pockets with shining dollars. Seize him, I say!"

As the servants stood hesitatingly, and none seemed disposed to make a beginning, Kätthist let go his hold on the reins of the horse with the intention of commencing the attack.

"Bav," said Gustavus, without exhibiting annoyance at the delay, "it is now time to silence this fellow, but if possible spare his life."

Bav quietly alighted from the sledge, seized Kätthist by the chest, and threw him up in the air, so that as his body descended he was able to grasp his feet, by which he swung the burly fellow several times round and round in a circle, and then cast him from him with such force that the unfortunate Kätthist lay on the ground quite unconscious. After the execution of this feat, and amidst the greatest silence, Bav drew forth a large knife from under his coat, and held its sharp point towards the other servants without saying a word.

"We are honest Dalecarlians and no traitors," said the senior amongst them, upon which Bav, at a hint from Eriksen, replaced his knife in its sheath, and returned to his seat in the sledge. In the meanwhile the servant who had received the dollar opened the gate. Gustavus bowed to the lady, who was looking down from the window, and said to her, "Accept, noble lady, my best thanks for your hospitality; and be assured I shall never forget what you and your husband have done for me. Farewell!"

The whip was raised, and the impatient horse galloped off with the sledge and its occupants.

CHAPTER IX.—DIVERS ENEMIES.

PERSSEN had really been such a miserable traitor as to hasten to his brother-in-law at Neerholm, and to inform him of Eriksen's arrival at his house. The Danish commander immediately got together twenty horsemen and hastened to Perssen's estate. Arrived

there he found the bird was flown, whereupon he sent his men to search in different directions. Gustavus Vasa, however, had taken another route to the boundaries of Norway than the one he had described to the traitorous Perssen. When the horse was so tired out that he could go no farther, Gustavus left him and the sledge at a solitary farmhouse, with instructions to return both to their owner after three days should have elapsed. The honest Dalecarlian promised to do as he was instructed. The path which the fugitives now took led them through narrow clefts in the rock, over steep heights and through thick bushes, so that the horse and sledge would have been but of little use to them. They wandered until the evening, when they found themselves entering on a wilderness, where, although they might hope to be free from human persecutors, they had, on the other hand, to apprehend attacks from wild beasts, amongst which the wolves were the most ravenous; their howls were already heard in the distance. The travellers frequently saw two fiery spots shining in the dark, which turned out to be the glaring eyes of a wolf. Once it happened that one of these monsters sat in the very middle of the path, and it was only by the loud shouting of the fugitives as they advanced that it slowly moved away.

On this occasion it was that Gustavus Vasa exclaimed, "I would rather find myself amongst wolves and bears than fall into the hands of Christian and his satellites, for a wicked man is more cruel and bloodthirsty than the most rapacious animal."

"You are right," said Bav; "the wicked King Christian would not have gone out of your way as willingly as that wolf."

"Had he been alone like the wolf," replied Eriksen, "he would have made off much quicker. A tyrant always shelters himself behind the backs of venal servants."

"Sir," said Bav, looking about him warily, "it may so happen that the disturbed wolf will assemble his friends and cousins and return with them. Why should I, then, without need, blunt my knife on the throats of these beasts?"

From this speech of Bav's the reader will perceive that he spoke much more sensibly than he did at the commencement of this tale. In the school of privations, misery, and misfortune, one learns far more quickly than in common everyday life, which, moreover, had in reality brought Bav in contact only with cows and oxen.

"We will put up a light for the wolves," said Gustavus, "in order that they may the better observe our steps. Look, Bav! there gleam not less than four pairs of fiery eyes in the underwood. Set it on fire, Bav, before the ravenous animals can whet their sharp teeth on us."

Bav, who carried under his left arm several resinous pine branches, paused awhile, and taking from his pocket a tin box which contained a steel, a flint, and some tinder, struck fire and lit two of the fir-branches. Eriksen took one, and Bav proceeded with the other towards the thick underwood, in which a troop of wolves was lying in wait. Kindled by the lighted torch thrust into their midst, the small and decayed branches nearest to the ground blazed up, and caused an immediate conflagration, which, however, burnt itself out just as quickly; nevertheless it had the effect of frightening away the wolves, for they took to flight with loud howling, and did not

again venture to approach the wanderers, who, allowing themselves very short pauses, perseveringly continued their journey. The deep snow and broken ground, the high mountains, the pathless ways, the darkness of the night, and the sharp cold of winter, were sore hindrances to them. It was the hardy nature of Swedes alone that enabled them bravely to overcome such difficulties. The picture which the two travellers presented amidst the desert scene would have made no unworthy subject for the pencil of an artist. With a blazing torch in his hand, the gigantic Bav led the way. Illuminated by the red tinge of the flame, the steep walls of the rock projected sharply, while the dark perilous ravines looked blacker by the force of contrast. Thick forest trees, with their lofty branches bent under the heavy weight of snow, stood mute and menacing, though occasionally a branch broke under its burden, but the cracking sound soon died away short and hollow. Where the uneven ground was devoid of trees, it resembled a graveyard in winter, the stunted and leafless shrubs looking like the black death-crosses. Above this scene vaulted the dark-blue sky, spangled with innumerable stars; the splendour of the rising moon, however, paled the brilliancy of their light.

About midnight Gustavus asked his companion, who had walked before him a long time in silence, occupied with his own thoughts, "Are you tired, or hungry?"

"No, sir," was the short answer.

"Why have you become taciturn?" Eriksen continued.

Bav sighed heavily, and said: "Look, sir, when I am obliged to remain idle, the wicked deed that I did presents itself again to my view. Believe me when I tell you that the moon there above us looks at me just as though she were the little Ribbing. It is the same pale face, the same white, fleecy head. If I could only get something to do—some opportunity of attacking the Danes!"

"We shall find an opportunity for that," replied Eriksen. "I would that the cruel Christian felt such remorse as you do! When will you become more calm? Did not we all excuse you? and did not the pastor even absolve you from this sin?"

"I know," replied Bav; "and yet little Ribbing will not leave me."

Here the conversation ended, and each continued his way silently.

As they did not hear any more of the wolves, and the moon shone with great clearness, lighting up the objects around them, the wayfarers extinguished their torches. At last nature showed symptoms of fatigue. Gustavus Eriksen felt the want of rest; when, therefore, he perceived a dark opening in a rock, which appeared to him to be the entrance to a cavern, he said: "Bav, let us halt here, and seek new strength in repose. This cavern seems well suited for the purpose, and if it affords sufficient space we will at once take possession of it."

When Bav, who was in front, stooped down to enter the cavern, he stumbled over some object which made a hollow rattling sound as it rolled aside.

"A stag's head!" muttered Bav, searching for the cause of his stumbling. "Eh, sir, what does that suggest?"

"Nothing," replied Eriksen; "what should it?"

"Well, I mean," answered Bav,—"yes, I wished to say I have been sometimes at a bear hunt."

"What has that to do with it?" said Eriksen.

"Why, if we found the bones of a stag or other animal, the hunters said that the bear was sure not to have his den far off."

"You are right, Bav; now I understand you. We must be cautious, and thoroughly examine the interior."

Bav relit his torch and crept into the cavern, requesting Eriksen, in his rough blunt way, to remain outside until he had surveyed the whole, which was soon accomplished, and Bav reported: "There are many more bones there, and a nice bed of leaves, but no growler. It may be he is gone a foraging; he will be surprised when he comes home and finds his couch occupied."

The den was dry and sheltered from the cold wind. They agreed that they should keep guard by turns in the event of the proprietor returning, or any other danger presenting itself. As fond as Bav was formerly of sleep, he now refused persistently to be the first to lie down. Eriksen therefore took possession of the bed of leaves, which was wide enough to have accommodated several more. Bav collected some dry twigs, and with them kept up a good fire at the entrance of the den, by which it was well warmed. His broad back turned towards the sleeper at the farther end, Bav sat staring at the hissing and crackling flames. It was not long before he seized a firebrand and flung it out into the air. "I have grown tired of it at last," he muttered to himself. "Mr. Eriksen sleeps well, he snores like some animal. Hallo! Surely he must be dreaming of something; and he can roar, too, in spite of bears. Now by that gurgling noise one would think he was swallowing sea-water."

This last sound was an expression of pain, and as Bav turned to look at the sleeper, he perceived a large dark object standing over him, and recognised in it—a bear!

How or from whence it had got into the cavern Bav dared not now examine. As quick as thought he grasped the long hunting knife which lay by his side, and advanced towards the uninvited visitor. No sooner had the monster felt the point of the knife pierce its side, than it turned roaring with rage against its assailant, and left its seat on Eriksen's body, to whom it now appeared as if a bad nightmare, which had nearly pressed his heart out by its weight, had gone from off him. When, half unconscious, he started up, he thought he saw a strange horseman in a bending posture hurry past the fire out of the cavern.

Some minutes had elapsed before Eriksen sufficiently recovered to get up and walk to the entrance; as soon as he did so, Bav advanced towards him smiling.

"Are you wounded, good Bav?" asked Eriksen.

"If you are not," replied Bav, "neither am I."

"How in the world did it happen?—speak, Bav," urged Eriksen.

"I do not know," said Bav, "whether the brown fellow was asleep under the leaves; or whether he knew of another entrance to come in at, I cannot say. I always thought it was you who snored, and roared, and gurgled so loudly until I heard you almost choke. There the bear lay, or sat, or stood on your body, as if he had a good right to it. And when I pierced him with my knife between the ribs, he advanced so furiously towards me, that in the hurry there was nothing for it but to jump on his back. Before I could get a firm hold we were both out of the cavern."

My horse might have felt the first rider he had ever had on his back, for he ran off like mad, and would have fallen over the precipice with me, had I not pushed my knife between his neck joints in good time. Yes, sir, in Swärdsio I had to act as butcher, and have killed, skinned, and embowelled many a cow, pig, and sheep. It is a great pity we are not there now. However, I will fetch you a warm cover, at all events, and a beautiful piece of meat. I shall soon be back."

It was not long before Bav returned to the den with the bearskin, which was still warm, spread over his shoulders, and a leg of the animal in his right hand. The first he spread over Eriksen, and the latter he roasted the best way he could.

"Dinner comes first," he said, musingly, while he cut large slices of the meat and swallowed them, "and then sleep."

With the last bit in his mouth Bav fell asleep by the fire, unconcerned about any other disagreeable visit that might be paid. Every intruder would have to walk over his body before he could get to the other sleeper at the farther end of the cavern.

In the morning, which wafted its refreshing salutation into the cavern, Eriksen felt himself strengthened by his sleep; Bav, however, was almost frozen to an icicle. In order to warm himself he wrapped the bearskin round him, and without listening to Eriksen's dissuasion, loaded himself with the other leg of the bear, regretting that he must leave the largest portion of the animal for the wolves.

Thus the fugitives resumed their way, in no hope, however, that its difficulties would soon be at an end. They could make but little progress through the deep snow, and when they halted at noon they had only advanced two miles* at most; but they felt themselves safe from human snares, and peaceably prepared their dinner, which consisted of the bear's leg, which they roasted over a good fire. Had Eriksen's situation been less doubtful, it would have amused him to see how gravely Bav sat by the fire and turned the meat on a spit which he himself had very cleverly made. The roasting meat had already begun to emit a strong odour delicious to Bav's nose, when suddenly a shower of bolts came down upon them. Fortunately, most of them fell harmless, one only passing close to Eriksen's cheek, and another hitting Bav's weakest part—his head. His thick fur cap considerably lessened the force of the blow, nevertheless he opened wide his large mouth and cried "Murder!" to intimate his grief.

"For shame, Bav! for shame!" said Eriksen to him, reproachfully. "Did you hear me cry when they cut my leg? How would our enemies triumph and renew their attack with delight if they perceived its favourable result? Quick! snatch the bearskin up from the ground and help to spread it out over us before those fellows can discharge their crossbows again!"

Bav closed his mouth, and in silence wiped the hot tears from his cheeks.

Scarcely were they under cover of the skin, when a second shower of bolts poured down upon them, which, however, did them no harm this time. The interval employed in charging the bows was taken advantage of by Eriksen, to ascertain from under his shaggy shield the position as well as the number of the enemy.

Separated by a deep ravine from the place where Eriksen and Bav stood, was a party consisting of ten or twelve horsemen, on a rocky height, from whence they discovered the fugitives and saluted them with their bolts.

"They are dividing their force," said Eriksen, "and very likely mean to surround us. Three of them are remaining behind, as if to watch and fire down upon us. Onwards, Bav, and let us escape in that direction, where they cannot follow with their horses."

The two then embraced each other like brothers, and prepared speedily to withdraw. Bav, true to his nature, seized the spit with the bear's leg on it before he acted on Eriksen's suggestion, at which he laughed merrily. Just then three bolts fastened the bearskin to their shoulders.

"Eh! dear sir, if I had not brought the skin with me it would have fared ill with us," said Bav; "and this roasted leg too, we shall be glad of it by-and-by."

Bav now followed his companion, who, believing himself to be out of reach of the hostile bolts, quitted the sheltering cover, and with speedy steps penetrated into the midst of the brushwood.

Notwithstanding the cold, the fugitives were all in a glow when, after some time, they emerged from the forest on to an extensive plain, where, to their surprise, they found a large herd of reindeer, which were seeking under the snow a scanty subsistence by help of their horns and hard-pointed hoofs. These beautiful and useful creatures, at the sound of approaching footsteps, raised their heads, looked steadily at the passing men for a few seconds, and then, without betraying the least fear, resumed their search for food. In order to give himself and Bav a little time to recover from their rapid walk, Eriksen was slowly contemplating the quiet, peaceful scene, when the sight of smoke, which arose as straight as a pine behind a projecting rock, induced him to proceed towards it.

The proprietor of the farmhouse, which they reached in less than a quarter of an hour, proved not to be quite a patriotic Swede, inasmuch as he would only supply them for a valuable consideration with a sledge and a reindeer which had been accustomed to be driven. It would have been impossible for Eriksen to have given the sum asked if Mrs. Mindsen had not forced upon him the sixty dollars which Bav had earned as blood-money. Ten of them had already been expended during their flight, and the farmer now received the remainder for the conveyance required. The sledge had been constructed to accommodate only one person; the fugitives, however, did not allow this to separate them from each other. As Bav's huge body filled the whole space, Eriksen sat in front and managed the reins, while Bav found room for the roast leg of bear with him.

The reindeer set out in a trot and dragged the sledge with much ease over the frozen snow in the direction pointed out by the farmer as the one leading to Norway. At the same time Eriksen discovered, greatly to his annoyance, that they had hitherto been taking a zigzag course instead of the most direct one, and that consequently they had not made much progress towards their destination.

The sledge had scarcely proceeded a thousand yards, when suddenly four Danish horsemen issued from the forest with loud shouts and endeavoured to bar their way. The reindeer, terrified at the noise,

* One Swedish mile is equal to about six English.

turned sharp round, and flew across the country with such speed as though it had been gifted with wings.

The fugitives soon passed out of sight and hearing. With the swiftness of the wind, mountains, valleys, rocks and forests receded out of view. Eriksen was no longer able to restrain the deer; the reins had already slipped out of his hand when the animal made its first bound. It continued at the same speed for some hours, after which it fell into a more moderate pace; but when Eriksen attempted to alight from his seat to recover the reins, which were dragging on the ground, the race recommenced.

The day had already closed when the sledge with the fugitives reached the end of the forest, where stood the scattered houses of a village. The church was the first building at which it arrived. In a moment Bay stretched out his hands in joyous surprise, exclaiming, "Swårdsio!" The alarm-bell sounded loudly from the steeple—a sudden bound by the scared deer upset the sledge and emptied it of its contents.

CITY NATURALISTS IN WINTER.

BY HENRY WALKER, F.G.S.

To the gregarious dwellers in our cities and towns, the season of chill winter brings a host of social entertainments to beguile the leisure evening hours at the end of the short-lived day. In many a London mercantile house, to wit, where the staff of young men is as numerous as the crew of a first-rate iron-clad, and in many a mechanics' or other literary institute in our large provincial centres of industry, how innumerable and various are the indoor societies and clubs and classes, each with its own fireside enjoyments and comfortable studies, which at this inclement season have succeeded the athletic and other out-door pursuits of the summer months. In warm and well-lighted rooms, surrounded by books and newspapers—in the library, the museum, or the class-room—how many of the happy beneficiaries of the leisure evening hours are turning the apparent privations of winter into occasions of pleasure and profit!

Let us take a nearer glance at the winter evening recreations of some who are thus finding pleasant social indoor entertainment and study at the end of the business day—the amateur naturalists of the period—the ruralising rambles of the summer months, whose quest of fossils and plants, and specimens for the microscope, and land and freshwater shells, we have recently followed in these pages.

Happily for the great army of amateur naturalists which lies scattered in detachments throughout our island, the arrival of winter does but vary for a time their favourite recreations and enjoyments. True, nature all around lies torpid and deathlike in the season of her annual trance.

"How dull and dead great nature seems!"

we are tempted to exclaim, as we walk through the silent and leafless woodland, or make the short tour of our homely garden. In such winters as those of our northern temperate latitudes, when nothing but the lowest and minutest forms of vegetation can flourish, how shall the amateur outdoor naturalist indulge his favourite tastes?

Let us proceed to obtain the answer for ourselves,

and make a round of winter evening calls at the haunts where our City naturalists may be expected to be found.

Our first visit is paid to one of the popular London entomological societies. From the dismal and foggy street we enter a well-lighted and well-appointed room over in South London, and in connection with a Working Men's Institute. At eight o'clock about sixty members are present. The reading of a paper upon one of the summer excursions is to occupy a part of the evening. On the tables are exhibited the latest novelties in the way of breeding, capturing, and preserving insects. One or two unwary "tortoiseshells," which have been captured since the last meeting, are also exhibited. A day's warm weather had lured them too soon from their winter hybernaculum. Here, too, are the latest inventions in nets for a summer sweeping expedition among the trees and herbage, compendious little collecting-boxes, carrying vials to receive the "captures," and a chloroform bottle for ensuring them a painless death. Here, too, is a new bull's-eye lantern for searching the garden or trees at night; curious traps for larvæ; glass-topped boxes in which the hatching of eggs may be witnessed by the breeder, and other artful devices by which the practical entomologist studies the life-history of insects.

It is in breeding and rearing the lowly larvæ into a gloriously winged butterfly—a "flying jewel" as one of our exhibitors expresses it—that the pleasures of the entomologist chiefly consist, and not, as is too commonly thought, in chasing and impaling these beautiful creatures. At this particular evening meeting in South London, for instance, we hear of one enthusiastic lepidopterist who during last season reared nearly one thousand butterflies and moths from the eggs. At the present time he has about one thousand pupæ in his collection (all fed by himself and his children!), which he expects will emerge during the coming season. Soon he hopes to see arise

"Bright troops of virgin moths and butterflies,
Breaking some morning from their half year's sleep."

Such humane occupations as these must surely develop the affections of the heart whilst providing a pleasant, inexpensive, and instructive occupation for the winter evening's leisure. They confer also a knowledge of the useful science of economic entomology, the science for which the Royal Horticultural Society is now offering prizes in order that more exact information may be gained for distinguishing between the gardener's insect friends and foes.

By a happy coincidence, the Horticultural Society's entomological collection is now placed at the Bethnal Green Museum, within easy reach of a large class of East London entomologists, who will appreciate or perhaps improve upon its classification and arrangements.

But we must now leave the South London entomologists, although a paper is just about to be read by one of the members, perhaps upon that fascinating subject, the so-called "Mimicry of Insects"—the astonishing likeness of many larvæ to the twigs or other objects on which they rest, a similarity which often enables them to defy detection by their would-be captors.

To the field-botanist, whom we next call upon, the winter brings, perhaps, less of privation than to any of our out-door naturalists. Indeed, the winter months, if they are not eagerly looked for by the

botanist brotherhood at large, are heartily welcomed as soon as they arrive by our friends the microbotanists. In these our northern latitudes the winter brings a fresh order of vegetation prominently on to the scene. The lichens and mosses have now their season, and the absence of the flowering plants enables us the better to examine and appreciate their minuter beauties. Everywhere we may see them dyeing or embossing the old wall, clothing the tree-trunk, or carpeting the ground with their various hues of richest green.

What rambling botanist is there who cannot look back upon some bright and bracing, or, it may be, some humid winter afternoon's excursion to heath or woodland in search of mosses and lichens; an excursion which he prizes as among the most precious of his recollections. The moss world is indeed one of wide variety and charm. The wary botanist and the simplest lover of nature alike should never be without that admirable companion and friend, the pocket-lens, in this the season of the lichens and mosses.

Some of the most gorgeous of the fungi, too, often linger on until mid-winter, as many a London Rambler in Highgate Wood and Epping Forest well knows. In the pastures, the woodland, and many an unsuspected spot, they enrich the botanist's ramble, and sometimes startle him with their strange and often exquisite beauty. Among the dead matted leaves with which countless centuries have carpeted the forest, some lowly but brilliant apparition, clad in vivid red, or chrome, or mauve, or purest white, suddenly peers at us out of the gloom. Sometimes these autumnal visitors assume an almost supernatural vividness of colour. People who are too proud to notice the fungi but little know the pleasures they are thus foregoing.

Our botanists' clubs, too, are now beginning frankly to confess that the flowering plants, as distinguished from the cryptogams, have too long monopolised their outdoor pursuits and indoor studies. In a similar way the entomologists are beginning to complain that the more showy butterflies and moths have too long eclipsed the peculiar attractions of the hymenoptera and other insect species, whose deserts, like those of the mosses and lichens, have so far been sadly overlooked.

In our cities and towns we seldom find the botanists meeting together as a separate society during the winter months. At the Town Hall, Museum, the School of Art, or the Literary Institute, we most likely shall find the micro-botanists and the microscopists blending their pursuits together; for in winter, when the lichens and mosses constitute the only vegetation, the botanists and microscopists are on common ground. Nevertheless, a good botanical club finds ample occupation for its winter meetings in putting into permanent literary form the more important researches and excursions of the summer. Papers are read on such subjects as "The remarkable Trees of —shire," illustrated by the club photographer; "The Orchids found on the Surrey Hills," and "The Grasses of Wood Green," with a complete series of specimens. "The Winter Life of Plants," too, is an important and timely topic for the indoor season. Such subjects as these, and papers on the geographical relations of the local flora, give intelligent habits to the members, and save the club from becoming one of mere collectors.

The newest botanical publications of importance are also brought to the notice of the members during the

winter months, and perhaps added to the library. At this season of the mosses and lichens, the new periodical, "Grevillea; a monthly record of Cryptogamic Botany and its Literature," is found a welcome addition to the botanist's fireside reading.

Let us now make a call upon the microscopists. The fame of their excursions for collecting in the summer months, especially those of the London clubs, prepares us to find them a flourishing and energetic body in the winter. The winter is peculiarly the working season for the microscopist, for the lamp is the inseparable companion and indispensable aid in the examination of objects. Let us look in for half an hour at the fortnightly Friday evening meeting of the Quekett Microscopical Club, held at University College, in Gower Street.

Here, as at the entomological meetings, a short *conversazione* and inspection of specimens or apparatus precedes the business of the evening. But these microscopical slides which are being handed about will tell us the kind of work which the Quekett is doing. The curator is issuing them to the members who are applying for them, and who are allowed six slides at a time, which they will take home as they do the books from the admirable library of the club. In the cabinets before us are no less than 2,000 glass slides, on which are mounted, in most cases with the perfection of manipulative skill, the most remarkable specimens from the three kingdoms of nature.

A winter evening visit to the Microscopical Club makes us long for the time when the working microscope of to-day shall have ceased to be so costly an instrument; and when Working Men's Institutes and British Workmen Public-houses may everywhere add this grand fireside companion to their resources. Meanwhile the humbler pocket-lens should always be with us in our walks; it gives us wonderful glimpses of the marvellous world which surrounds us, and will gradually make us practised microscopists unawares.

We have left but little space for the geologists and their winter evening occupations. The geologists, especially in London, muster as strongly as the microscopists or entomologists for their fortnightly or other meetings. Although the zoological species in which they are interested neither migrate nor hibernate in winter, the shortened daylight is a difficulty which the association shares in common with other clubs. Yet if a newly-opened section is reported in mid-winter, there is no lack of a large party to visit the scene, and a paper for the meeting is the result. To the moss-collector or lichenist, and to the geologist alike, a mantle of snow on the ground is the most dreaded obstacle to outdoor work.

Half an hour with the geologists at their winter evenings does much to show the social as well as the instructive side of the science. Instructive papers, illustrated with maps and sections, the exhibition of fossils, a pleasant discussion, and a *conversazione*, are the occasion of new members being added and gradually introduced to the delightful excursions of the summer.

In winter, those geologists who have access to a telescope may extend their researches to the starry heavens. Who but a geologist can fully understand the wonderful physical geography of the moon, as she hangs full-orbed in the wintry sky? Who but a geologist can feel the thrill of the sight of those volcanic crater walls, with their concentric ramparts heaped up around, the ejecta of a lunar Vesuvius?

Who but a geologist can trace amid those rocks and ridges the lines of dislocation or fault, or mark the track of the earthquake waves which have helped to reduce the moon to her present condition? Such are

some of the celestial studies which are open to the geologist in winter, when "sections" in his own world are scarce, or the snow for a time conceals them from his view.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.



notre tout dévoué
G. Doré

From a photograph by Nadar.]

GUSTAVE DORÉ is akin to Shakespeare's poet—"of imagination all compact." It is of little account that he was born at Strasbourg, and educated at Paris; he belongs to an ideal world. We are told that he very early showed a passion for drawing, and that his father wisely gave his genius the rein, took him to the capital, and provided him with instruction. In two years he had found his opportunity, and Paris soon began to laugh over his humorous sketches. From that time he has laboured with an indefatigable industry, only equalled by the prodigality of his powers. As an artist upon wood, he was not held in check by the severer discipline proper to painting, and trusted chiefly to his invention, which never failed him. Ten years ago, when he was not yet thirty years old, he was credited with the execution of forty-four thousand designs. Such an instance of productivity is almost unexampled. It is the fruitfulness of a most rare imagination. In such a career but scanty time could be left for study, yet the young Doré contrived in due course to take his place among painters, and to astonish in exhibitions the artistic critics whom he had delighted in books. His achievements have multiplied with succeeding years, till his name now belongs as much to England as to France, and is familiar in every home.

No artist of this generation has done so much to make wood engraving a fine art, or so brought out

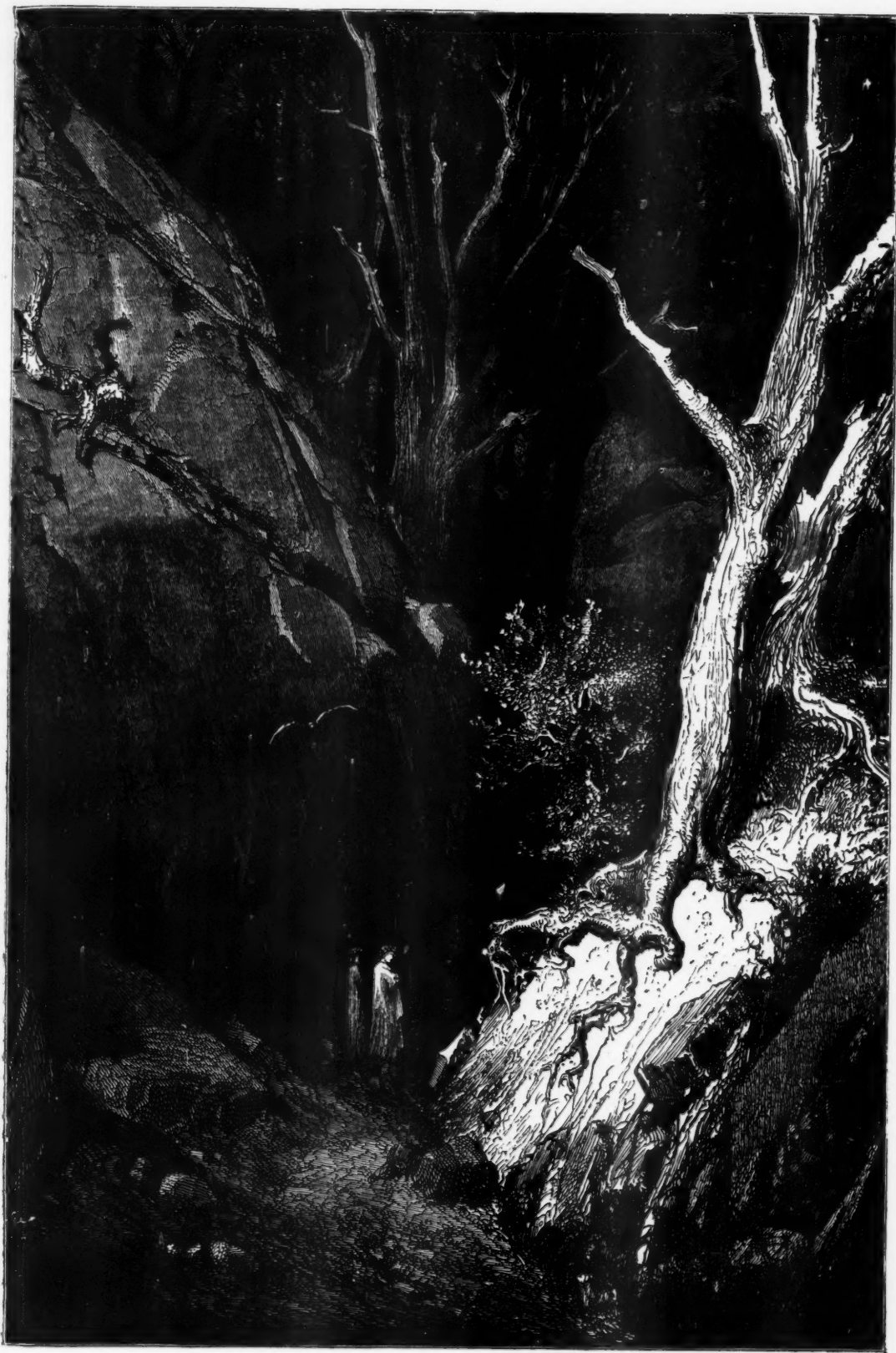
its capabilities. Among illustrators of books he is *facile princeps*. It is not alone the amazing variety of his drawings which gives him pre-eminence, but the higher qualities which they display. From caricature and wild burlesque he has attempted everything to the purest creations of imaginative art; he portrays with equal ease a landscape or the lights and shadows of human life, and is as self-possessed in the highest flights of an aerial fancy as when sketching a peasant by the dusty wayside. He began with comic journals, and doubtful tales and novels, but has gradually advanced to worthier subjects, till now his name is inseparably associated with some of the masterpieces of literature. Few artists were ever so fortunate in the issue of their works. His principal series have been produced in England and France, at a cost of more than £150,000, in a style that leaves nothing to be desired by the most fastidious taste.

M. Doré himself would probably give the first place among these productions to the *Vision of Dante*. He is Dantesque as the poet. The stern realism of the gloomy Florentine lends itself readily to his imagination, and he portrays the scenes of the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio* with a truly terrible power. In this world of shadows, not "cloud-compelling Jove" could have a greater mastery over all the forms of elemental darkness. There is a ghastly

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"I FOUND ME IN A GLOOMY WOOD, ASTRAY
GONE FROM THE PATH DIRECT: AND EEN TO TELL,
IT WERE NO EASY TASK, HOW SAVAGE WILD
THAT FOREST, HOW ROBUST AND ROUGH ITS GROWTH."—*Vision of Dante, Canto I.*

horror in some of his conceptions from which we turn in pain. Yet these creations of Dante, which the artist but vivifies, once represented a popular creed, and had power over souls! Doré advances with an unflinching step from these regions of desolation and death to the celestial heights of the *Paradiso*. It is a marvellous contrast, the manner in which he depicts the heavenly glories and the airy brightness of angelic forms. Here also there is a limit which the artist may not overpass, but we prefer to speak of this subject in association with our own great poet. "*The Paradise Lost*" is upon earth, but both heaven and hell are within reach of its gates.

The Doré "*Milton*" is a magnificent edition, worthy of that prince among poets, whom the fashion of praising Shakespeare has thrown too much into the shade; the eye wanders with a new pleasure over its broad pages, and seems to turn with a fuller knowledge to the illustrations. Yet as we read we cannot but recall those lines of Gray:—

"Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the Abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night."

This "excess of light" is dangerous to the artist also. Doré prefers, in "*The Paradise Lost*," the vague and shadowy grandeur of a lower sphere, yet even there imagination can often walk best when blindfold. There is a certain fitness in that solemn darkness of the visual orb which shuts out every concrete presence.

"So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight."

When the artist attempts to translate these unseen realities into visible forms, and makes evident to the eye the scenes which the words of the poet still left to be shaped by the imagination, he is apt to break the spell. Milton is far removed from the hideous concreteness of Dante, and though he makes the freest use of material forms, and is sometimes repulsive, sometimes almost grotesque, there is always a spiritual feeling which is more impressive. Dante demands a firm unshrinking pencil, hard as the hardest heart, real as the coarsest evil; but "*The Paradise Lost*," in its higher aspects, is beyond illustration. It is the most awful tragedy of created life, in which earth and hell are both concerned; and the fierce passions that flame in archangelic spirits are not submissive to the artist's power. The soul of the poem is lost in any series of pictured representations.

Dr. Arnold objected to the mixture of good in Milton's representation of Satan, which results from giving him a human likeness, and held that the hoofs and the horns and the tail of vulgar portraiture were all useful as giving an image of something altogether disgusting. It may be that this Satan is too lofty a creation, appealing dangerously to our spiritual sympathies, beyond the possibilities of a nature so vastly fallen; but whether the tragic grandeur of soul is a fault in the poet's portrayal or not, it is inevitably lost in the artist's picturing. Doré uses the scenic effects with his accustomed skill, and makes the heavenly spaces render tribute to his themes; but

when Satan appears with the conventional bat-like wings, it is time—and we say it with due deference to Dr. Arnold—for Imagination in turn to drop her plumes and bow herself out, as she might if disturbed in her idealising by the apparition of some handsome young dare-devil Frenchman come wooing in theatrical attire. There is a certain grotesqueness, not morally repellent, which is inseparable from the subject. Doré lives in a strange world, peopled by all imaginable forms, and can no more start to meet a bat-winged creature, or a scaly monster trailing mysterious convoluted lengths, than the reader to meet a man in Cheapside; but common people are apt to complain of these wings, and even of the garments proper to *Paradise*, that, while subordinate in the verse, and mere accidents of description, they bulk in the picture, and mar the poetical harmony through the unaccustomed eye.

The *Pandemonium* of Doré is an instance of failure in this direction: the group in shadow opposite the throne strikes strongest on the mind, and that because they stand in a blackness which obscures the form. The weakest point, on the contrary, in Martin's *Pandemonium*, is the single figure placed in the light. Of these two artists, the one has chosen the interior scene, the other the external; and here Martin bears away the palm with easy right. He has avoided the doubtful definition of figure, and so set the vast lines of his palatial structure in thick darkness as to compel the imagination to add to them. Martin is fond of these dim suggestions of architecture, faint with bright eclipsing light or almost lost in shadow, and in his best illustrations gains most from his characteristic treatment of space; but Doré has a richer use of means, prefers natural to artificial forms, and, allowing for some mistakes, far excels in general result. We may, however, instance as evidence of the manner in which the soul of the poem suffers, as we have said, in the endeavour to find it a body, the picture supposed to realise those despairing words—

"Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair!
Which way I fly is Hell; myself am Hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

It is not possible to suggest the awful pathos of this speech in a writhing, anguished figure thrust back upon the rocky mountain-top, bat-winged, and in antique, soldierly garb—with a yawning chasm below, and a black sky stretching into infinity. Milton is on a higher range of thought, and we forget the uncouth possibilities of form, when in his company we see the arch-fiend, now fixing grieved look towards Eden, and "sometimes towards heaven and full blazing sun," till the mighty wrath breaks forth in that lofty apostrophe—

"O thou that with surpassing glory crowned,
Lookst from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams."

Doré also fails in Adam. He is most successful where he is vague, and can blend the imaginative elements of which he is master in indistinct effect. His illustration, for example, of the line, "Nine days they fell" (*Book vi.*), is among the best of his conceptions. The wild confusion of the fall, the insubstantial

numbers of the vast aerial host, circling in troubled flight through thickening clouds, and the strange light upon the prostrate forms, as from some unseen glory above this hellish tumult, make up a really fine interpretation of the poet. So again the separation of the waters from the land (Book VII.) affords him a subject which only a master hand could touch, the vapoury clouds condensing in the deep abyss—

"Wave rolling after wave, where crag they found,
If steep with torrent rapture."

The creation of the birds (Book VII.) is in another style, beautiful with a mystic grace.

It would carry us far beyond our limits to follow Gustave Doré into the regions of sacred art as opened to him in the Bible. He there shows the same fertility of invention, the same compass of varied powers, an imagination that grasps at things in the heights above and in the depths below, and an execution wonderfully facile. But "'tis not in mortals to command success" on all the subjects he has treated; and the very number of his pictures is a bar to the highest excellence. It is not doubtful that he has sometimes too rashly raised the veil of hidden things, and planted his easel on the boundary line which only the profane may cross.

We may speak with more freedom of his illustrations of La Fontaine, which are upon homely ground. M. Doré does not humanise his animals, like some illustrators of fables, but conveys the natural expression. In figure pieces here he relies, however, less upon character than upon grace of form and accessory beauty. Some of his most graceful and finished pictures are to be found in this volume—dainty "bits" of woodland, and shady forest glades often adding exquisite charm to the background. One picture, "The Woodcutter and Mercury," a weird scene of desolation, affords a remarkable instance of the manner in which Doré's imagination kindles at an opportunity. The poor woodcutter who has lost his axe is on his knees in the foreground, passionately imploring the skies; behind him lies a prostrate forest, the bare stripped trunks stretching in long lines into the dark, misty distance: it is a masterpiece of dreary landscape; but as concerns the woodcutter, there is not a tree left for him to fell with Mercury's new axe, neither is there any trace of his old axe upon the fallen timber, which is all smoothly cut as by a carpenter's saw! Such trivialities of *vraisemblance*, indeed, are ignored by our artist in many of his works, as often with the carelessness of ignorance as of haste.

The time-honoured romance, or romantic satire, of Cervantes, has furnished M. Doré with another field congenial to his powers. Don Quixote himself is too lank and miserable a figure for us to covet his acquaintanceship; we must confess to a greater sympathy with the corpulent squire, whose various woes and virtues find easier expression. The pictures, like the narrative, are full of movement; but here again—not always, but mainly—character is subordinated to clever grouping, and external nature supplies the sentiment. The humour, and sometimes the pathos, depends upon the grotesque contrasts between these men and the scenery surrounding them. We are more than once reminded of Shakespeare's words, and ready to give them another rendering—

"Man, proud man, . . .

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

The sun weaves the forest shadows into cooling beauty, and dances to the babbling brook, while weary Rozinante rolls over in ungraceful ease. The sleepers compose themselves in ludicrous posture, but the night falls over them grand and solemn. Don Quixote, on the edge of a precipice, with the eternal rocks of the Sierra Morena towering above him, and the evening storm sweeping down black through the pine-trees, is "transported with joy to find himself where he may flatter his ambition with the hopes of fresh adventure." Are not these things a sort of parable to us of that awful tragic background before which men fume and strut their little day—of the unconscious comedy also which runs into their gravest enterprises? We must leave the knight of La Mancha to his adventures.

Space forbids us to recapitulate the half of M. Doré's achievements. A word is due to his illustrations of Tennyson, and it is perhaps enough to say that the Laureate himself has expressed his pleasure in them. This series is the only one engraved upon steel. They conspicuously exhibit that mastery of picturesque effects which might tempt one to believe that M. Doré had reduced "the sublime and beautiful" to an alphabet, which he uses at his will in varying combinations. Every alphabet involves in use a repetition of sounds, and from artistic repetitions M. Doré cannot be held free; but the exuberance of his genius more than atones for them. It is a great step from these ideal scenes to the drawing of minute architectural details; but in "Spanish Pictures" * Doré handles architecture with the same power, and covers stone walls with the poetry of light and shade. We have yet to see how he can treat the many-sided life of London; but so far as he has carried this last series of pictures, they fall below the average of his work. He tries in vain to throw his glamour into our fogs, and over the dusky life of our populous streets; but there is a commonplace side of humanity with which Art has little to do.

It is not to be supposed that M. Doré has achieved so much without many failures. There are marks of haste in his compositions; petty artifices are substituted for accurate drawing; and his rapid, almost instinctive grasp of a subject does not secure him truth of detail. His rocks are often unknown in geology; his waterfalls trickle by conventional lines; and there are numerous faults which the critical eye may note as the inevitable result of quick working. Among thousands of designs there must be degrees of imperfection as well as of excellence. In other of his drawings there is a grim realism, often even savagery and coarseness. Allowance, too, must be made in some illustrations for the temptations of a young man required to meet the demands of a corrupt time: many an earlier engraving he might now wish to efface. It would be folly to attempt to characterise the innumerable drawings which Doré has scattered through periodical literature. We have been told that sometimes he has thrown his ink on a block of wood, let it slowly trickle, and then made its irregular stains the groundwork of his fancy; and we can believe it of him, for such sort of irrigation would pleasantly suit the overflow of his brain. Our readers have had some opportunity of judging of his magazine work, and could they have seen those "blocks" before engraving, they would have been the more struck

* Published by the Religious Tract Society.

with his freedom of pencilling, which sometimes is as if he drew a picture as a swift writer might write a letter, scarcely once taking his pen from the paper. We may be allowed to refer to the scene of "The Captive Jews in the Circus at Alexandria," which appeared in the "Sunday at Home," as an illustration of his manner in yet another style, where within very limited space he brings the full arena vividly to view. Gustave Doré must be a whole man to produce such varied work; we said that he belonged to an ideal world, but it is true also that he is possessed of

at the age of ten, he must by the age of twenty-nine have executed between six and seven designs a day. Such work is too facile to be great in the highest sense, but must be borne in mind when we come to speak of Doré as a painter, and find him attempting the same varied feats in colour as with the pencil. It is wonderful, by comparison with ordinary powers, that he has accomplished so much, yet he would be the first to repudiate the baser honours which belong to a "prodigy," for the true artist looks not from man to man, but to the



A MANUSCRIPT FOR SALE.

many terrestrial accomplishments. In the days of Napoleon he was welcomed at Compiègne, where he more than once successfully presided over the Christmas festivities; and he is reputed also to be a "brilliant" conversationalist, while we are told that he sings, and plays on the violin, with great skill. Society alleges also that he is a clever conjuror: perhaps there is just a little too much fondness for intellectual surprises in some of his rapid imaginative feats.

M. Doré has for the last twenty years been known as a painter in Paris, but he has more recently appealed to the English public in that capacity. We shall regret it, if he finally abandons book illustration, as other successful but inferior men have done; for he has himself shown that there is a noble field for cultivation there, by which the great multitude of common people may profit. Wanted, at this present moment, some few artists of penetrating sympathy and patient power, who will give their lives to raise this popular art to its proper level! The Germans are yet far before us; what Frenchmen can do Gustave Doré has proved. Yet if any man should attempt the higher walks of art, it is he, for the slower processes involved may impose a wholesome curb, and develop a deeper thought. No man can be greatest who has not felt the pressure of difficulty; he may do more than weaker men, but he cannot be strong with a victorious strength. Some one has estimated that if Doré commenced book-illustration

Infinite Beauty and the Everlasting Truth. The exhibitions of his pictures in 1867 first introduced him to London in this higher sphere. There was a realistic force in his Baden-Baden painting of "Le Tapis Vert" that commanded attention; and a vigour in some Spanish heads that reminded one of Murillo. In the greater theme of "The Triumph of Christianity," representing the gods of heathendom overthrown before the Cross, all the skilful but theatrical elaboration of the painter does not bring the feeling up to the rugged level of the poet in Mrs. Browning's "The Dead Pan." One other picture more impressed us, "The Neophyte." In those illustrations of Doré with which we are most familiar there is not much tragic strength of soul; the deeper life of the spirit, as we have already remarked, is usually subordinate to outward form, or represented in some external harmonising association. But "The Neophyte" carries a tragedy in his face—the disappointment, the wearing anguish of bygone years, the cold passionless despair of a false vow—the death in life of the spirit, made the more impressive by the vulgar satisfaction of the companions who worship at his side in this charnel-house of his hopes.

This year M. Doré has exhibited a grander subject, a picture which he considers "the greatest effort of his life," which represents "Christ leaving the Prætorium." It is a large picture, and was commenced in 1867, but during the siege of Paris was

rolled up in a great metal cylinder and buried, and not completed till after the restoration of peace. The canvas covers "30 feet by 20;" but measurements of this sort count in Mechanics and not in "High Art." Town gossips whisper that it has been sold for six thousand guineas. It is undoubtedly a great achievement, full of energy, masterly in grouping and in colour: an immense advance on the flimsy "Triumph of Christianity." The surging mob reminds us of the revolutionary tumults which M. Doré has witnessed. All the rude forms of the unholy judgment have been completed. The righteous Victim, with the crown of thorns upon Him, descends from the Prætorium. Clouds, murky as from some volcano, are gathering over the city heights. Pilate watches from the distance, while the Roman soldiers, who but just now were mocking the "King of the Jews," clear a way for the solemn procession to Calvary. The chief priests stand in malignant triumph behind Jesus, from whom a divine light seems to radiate mysteriously upon his persecutors. Judas is there in the dense throng, cowering under shelter, and unable to look up as the Master approaches; there, too, are grateful adherents whom He has healed, pressing forward with eager glances; while of the sorrow-stricken Marys, one sinks in the tremor of grief. There is a coarse strength in the picture which strips away the false sentiment too commonly covering the ignoble horrors of those last great days. We see the rabble thronging round with malevolent curiosity; but surely this coarseness is exaggerated in the privileged spectators of the Sanhedrim. There is no suggestion of that more subtle hate which pursued the Saviour, of that religious pride which sat in the high places of authority, or of the pharisaic intellect, keen as cruel. The faithful few, too, who brave the rude pressure of the brutal crowd, suffer from the conventional treatment of the Virgin Mother. The sublime pathos of the event does not overpower the base, earthly accessories. The white-robed Christ himself comes down the steps from the Prætorium serene, erect, majestic, while the cross is being lifted below; but that Divine Face,—who yet has pictured it, marred above all the sons of men, yet glorious with the redeeming strength of God? Doré fails, but he fails in common with almost all painters.

M. Doré is yet in the prime of his days. This last effort may be the first of greater things, if, as is only possible to a painter of his genius, he is content to subordinate invention to study, and will but turn those far-seeing eyes which "glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven," more often into the depths of the soul.*

OUR SADDLE OF MUTTON.

"HERE!" cried Mr. Nibbs, coming in to his wife with an open letter in his hand, "this is what I call very tiresome: Kate writes to give us warning that she saw Mrs. Prince on Monday, and they mean

* Our illustration shows Dante, under the guidance of Virgil, in "the gloomy wood" of his Vision, descending into the deeper shades of the lower world. We are indebted for the use of this characteristic engraving, from the English edition of Dante's "Inferno," to the courtesy of Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, who, with the exception of the Tennyson and London series, have introduced all M. Doré's chief works into this country. The slight sketch from one of La Fontaine's fables may serve as an example of the artist's lighter manner. A bird, searching for grain, finds a pearl: so, a manuscript comes into possession of an ignorant man: it may be very valuable, but the smallest piece of money would be of more account to him.

to come and take luncheon with us some day next week, and I am to meet them at the station."

"What! Mrs. Prince of St. Brough's?" cried Mrs. Nibbs.

"Of course, what other Princes do we know? The provoking thing is 'some day;' if they would say *what* day, we could provide for them; but, as it is, we shall have to prepare day after day till they come."

"Oh," said Mrs. Nibbs, "let them take us as they find us!"

"What! as they would have found us yesterday, with about two-thirds of a leg of mutton, underdone, pink and uninviting, and nothing else; or as they would find us to-day, with *one-third* of the same leg, more uninviting still? No, no, Anna, you have no feeling of propriety; if I am a poor man, I don't want to proclaim it to proud people like Prince and his wife."

Mr. Nibbs was exceedingly hurt, and Mrs. Nibbs, who was easy-going and not moved from her balance by a trifle, suggested their writing to ask on what day they might expect their friends, and an answer would put them out of all perplexity.

"Just to show that we are afraid of being caught unprepared?" exclaimed Mr. Nibbs.

Mrs. Nibbs gave up the point, and they fell into a consultation as to what it would be best to get.

"You see we *must* know in the morning of whatever day they come, for you have to meet them at the station; so we had better get something like a handsome joint that will serve us afterwards, and I can make a side dish or two," she suggested.

"A joint! No; we must have fowls and a tongue or some ham," said Mr. Nibbs.

"What do you say to a saddle of mutton?" asked his wife. "You know that is a very handsome dish, and fowls are fearfully dear now, and very small."

Mr. Nibbs demurred, but after a little smoothing down and many handsome things said of a saddle of mutton, and promises of tempting side dishes (tempting in appearance at least), he gave way, saying, "Certainly, there is something very respectable in a saddle of mutton!"

So they drove into the town in their little pony basket, and bought a very pretty small saddle of mutton, and a few trifles which Mrs. Nibbs thought would enable her to help out the feast. The weather was not good for keeping meat, and as the days passed, bringing no letter from St. Brough's to advertise the coming of the Princes, Mrs. Nibbs became apprehensive for her saddle of mutton.

At last it became too plain that it must be cooked. Mr. Nibbs was very much put out, but she consoled him with the reflection that they had not bought fowls.

"No," he said, "but a saddle of mutton is a very expensive thing, a dish we should never think of getting for ourselves!"

"Why, it's only two loins kept together, and a loin for chops we often have," remarked Mrs. Nibbs. "After all, it's no such great matter—there's a great deal in the name!"

"So there is," said Mr. Nibbs, reflectively; "but some one we will have, we won't sit down alone to a saddle of mutton, I am determined on that."

"Ask the Mortons to come out for a day, you can easily account for a short notice."

"Pooh! what will they care for mutton, and nothing else?" said Mr. Nibbs; "when people ask themselves it's one thing, but when you ask them it's quite another."

"Well, then, ask your cousin Thomas and his wife, it will be a treat to them, poor things!"

"Tom and Mary! what in the world for? Why a leg of mutton isn't what they see very often, a saddle would be lost upon them."

"What a pity!" said Mrs. Nibbs; "a saddle is too good for them, and not good enough for the Mortons; I don't know what is to be done. After all, as I said, it's only two loins, suppose we make the best of it and dine alone!"

No, Mr. Nibbs would not consent, he wavered in his mind between the Mortons and his humble cousins, and at last fixed on the latter, with the hearty assent of his wife.

So the saddle was roasted, and Mrs. Nibbs and he and Thomas and Mary sat down to it, and much they enjoyed it (though Thomas ventured to say to Mrs. Nibbs it was not superior to a good leg in his opinion). There were side dishes; and a nice tart and a pudding made a second course, and Mrs. Nibbs rejoiced in her heart that, as they had been put to the expense of a feast, they had been driven into inviting the poor to it. She would willingly have received the Princes and the Mortons; but Thomas and Mary she knew were glad of a good dinner, and she hoped it would do them good, and got more and more pleased, as she saw them enjoying it, that it had fallen to their lot instead of the rich.

They had scarcely done, when lo! a rap at the door, and in walked Mr. Morton.

"Just in pudding time," he said, laughing; "I have brought my wife and the Princes. It was such lovely weather we agreed to drive them, as we heard they thought of coming some day, and hoped to catch you before you had cleared the decks."

Mrs. Morton and Mr. and Mrs. Prince followed their leader, and Mrs. Nibbs received them very hospitably, and assured them there was mutton enough left for them. So back came the saddle and back came the side dishes, making a very fair show, and the company declared that the mutton was delicious.

Mr. Nibbs's humble cousins sat back and kept silence before the august company, but Mr. Morton more than once looked across at Thomas, and at last asked politely if his name were not Carter.

"Yes." Thomas did not attempt to conceal it.

"I thought so," said Mr. Morton; "I shall be glad to have a word or two with you after luncheon, Mr. Carter."

Thomas smiled acquiescence, and the eating and drinking went on. All the good things became a complete wreck. ("But, after all," Mrs. Nibbs remarked to her husband next day, "there's this to be said of a saddle of mutton, it looks well to the very last.")

"I had no idea, Mr. Carter, that you were acquainted with Mr. Nibbs," said Mr. Morton, when he began his "word or two."

Thomas did not enlarge his idea by saying that he was also cousin to the man who could set a saddle of mutton and imposing etceteras before guests without any warning; he only smiled again. Mrs. Prince and Mrs. Morton and Mrs. Nibbs were busy comparing babies and teething, and the various "patent foods," and Mary, who was heart-learning in such matters, modestly furnished some very important information, which the mothers received with deferential gratitude. Meantime, Mr. Nibbs being busy in showing Mr. Prince all that was to be seen in his "poor little

place," as he called it, Mr. Morton followed up Thomas.

"No, I had no idea when I saw you in Poulter's office" (where Thomas was a writer at a low salary) "that you were a friend of Nibbs's. I suppose you are not permanently fixed at Poulter's? Merely waiting there till you can settle yourself?"

Thomas replied that he should be sorry to consider himself a permanent fixture in his present office; and after Mr. Morton had repeated some very high commendations he had heard from Poulter concerning him, he asked if he would like a responsible situation, the duties of which he described to him.

Mr. Nibbs returning, a little flushed with the praise Mr. Prince had bestowed on his place, saw with gratification the easy terms on which his poor cousin and his tip-top acquaintance were conversing; and when Mr. Morton exclaimed, "I had no idea that Mr. Carter was a friend of yours!" he answered, urbanely,

"My cousin, and therefore *very old friend*!"

The good appearance of his table, and the impression he felt that it had made, had put him into excellent spirits; and when Mr. Morton asked him whether he thought his cousin would be equal to the proposed place, he spoke with confident approbation. And Mr. Morton was extremely glad to have Poulter's report and his own impression confirmed, and to secure the man he had been anxiously looking for; and Thomas was heartily thankful to have met with such an important change in his circumstances; and Mr. Nibbs was well pleased that "poor Tom" should have prospered so well, and noticed to his wife that he had never seen him look so gentlemanlike before, to which she answered that the ladies were quite charmed with Mary.

The visit over, and the company, including the poor cousins, gone, Mrs. Nibbs inspected the "wreck!"

"I shall have these bones separated and grilled for dinner to-morrow," she said; "and with these rissoles we shall have enough, even if another party were to turn in. Now I hope you will confess that I was wise to fix on a saddle of mutton."

"I think the Princes and the Mortons were struck with the appearance of the table," said Mr. Nibbs, with quiet satisfaction.

"And I am sure poor Thomas and Mary enjoyed it," said Mrs. Nibbs.

"And if he hadn't met Mr. Morton here, ten to one he might not have got that appointment, which is a very valuable one to a steady man like him. And of course what advances one's family is good for oneself," said Mr. Nibbs again.

"So now," said Mrs. Nibbs, "I think I may say, 'Well done, saddle of mutton!' Don't you?"

Mr. Nibbs nodded, and his wife went off with a triumphant little chuckle, repeating in her heart, "'When thou makest a feast, call the poor!' I'm so glad I got him to have poor Thomas and Mary!"

Original Fables.

LIES MORE READILY BELIEVED THAN TRUTH.

FLIP, the little black-and-tan terrier, went to the seaside with her mistress, and when she came home she looked very wise and said she would recommend everybody to travel, it was so improving to the mind.

Grab, the house-dog, the old magpie, Whiskers the stable

cat, and the black retriever, were struck by her superior air, and agreed to give her a hearing that they might profit by what she had seen.

Flip was charmed by the opportunity, and took her place in the midst.

"Gentlemen and ladies," she began.

"All right—but stick to the truth, miss, no ladies here," said Grab, who was very matter-of-fact and hard of conviction.

"That is the proper way to begin," said Flip, offended, "as you would know if you had travelled. The first thing I have to inform you is that the sun sleeps in the sea every night, I saw him go down plump into it myself!"

"Oh, hoh!" whispered Mag to Whiskers, "then I've been wrong all my life, I thought he slept in the wood behind our house, I've seen him go down to bed there, as I thought, scores of times."

"The next circumstance that will interest you is to know that I have seen the end of the world!" said Flip, with great importance.

"What is it made of?—is it far off?—could I fetch it?" inquired the retriever.

"It's made of—nothing at all but the sky, and the sky goes into the sea, or the sea goes into the sky, I couldn't tell which, but there's the end of both, and so the world finishes!" said Flip.

"Only think!" whispered Mag to Grab, "I believed the world was all trimmed round its edges with trees, that's what I see from my nest on every side."

"And, now," said Flip, "I have a curious thing to tell you; those lobsters which you have seen coming from the fishmonger's a rosy red are made so by boiling, they come out of the sea coal black!"

"There!—that's enough!" cried Grab, starting up; "while you kept to things we knew nothing about it was all very well, and you *may* be right about the sun and the end of the world, but as to boiling turning black into red, that's travellers' tales. Haven't I seen my meat put red into the pot, and it comes out whitey-brown! It's likely that black would ever boil into red! No, no, we know better than that!"

Off they went with a mocking air, being not the first hearers who would listen to false nonsensical theories, but turn away offended from a plain practical truth.

THE "LONG RUN" TELLS.

Downs went the hovel, a shapeless mass of ruin.

"What a fall!" cried the wind; "well, I am often blamed for a crash, but *this* cannot be laid to me; I hardly sighed this morning as I passed him!"

"Do you hear him!" said the old thorn, scornfully; "he 'sighed' this morning indeed, a sigh that our poor friend would never have felt but for the ceaseless, pitiless blasts which had made him totter on his foundation."

ONE MUST PAY FOR POPULARITY!

"SWEET! you never tasted anything like it!" said the flies as they fastened on the sugar-candy.

It was covered with them, and no sooner was one lot dispersed than another followed.

"What it is to be popular!" cried a box of saltpetre, that lay beside it; "here I am without a single fly, or one word of admiration."

"Don't envy me, pray," said the sugar-candy; "my admirers are both exhausting and troublesome. Between you and me, friend, popularity is a very expensive thing, and there are times when I shouldn't object to being saltpetre."

EASY TO DO MISCHIEF.

"How you praise the sun!" exclaimed the moon to the earth, "as though I were nobody, and yet when I stand before him I completely hide him from you."

"It takes much," replied the earth, "to kindle a great light; but the most insignificant are equal to the office of an extinguisher!"

YOU MUST LOOK CLOSE FOR THE TRUE TEST.

"THERE'S Dick, poor little fellow!" said a young willow warbler to his mother, who was busy smoothing down the sides of the nest; "he's sorry he got away before you gave him leave, and he wants to come in again."

"That's not Dick, child," said the old bird. "He looks like

him, but listen to his single note; he cries 'twee-twee,' not 'tweet-tweet,' as we do. He is a wood warbler, and has no right to come in. If you want to know your own kind, don't listen to the full song—I couldn't myself distinguish by that a wood warbler and a willow warbler—but watch for the single note, when *he is in great earnest*, and means exactly what he says—there you hear the truth; you will hear at once the difference between 'twee-twee' and 'tweet-tweet.'"

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"Who may you be?" said a little caged bird to a fellow-prisoner that hung opposite.

"I'm a Charlie Muffie," twittered the disconsolate captive; "pray, what are you?"

"I am only a Peggy Whitethroat," said the first, humbly.

"Dear me! I should have thought we were brother and sister, but for your very poor name; we are so much alike," said Charlie, going back in his cage.

"Yac-yac!" cried an old daw, eyeing them from his wicker prison, "so you are; and if you had been brought up among us you would have been 'Mr. Whitethroat,' and if Peggy had been brought up in Scotland (where you got your name) she would have been a 'Miss Muffie'; fine names are just accidents, and of little importance. You sing no better for being called 'Charlie Muffie,' and she no worse for being called 'Peggy Whitethroat.'"

THE ORIGIN OF MOST INVENTED SCANDALS.

"WHAT a vagabond you are!" cried a magpie to a cuckoo; "I should be ashamed of such a character!"

"What character?" asked the cuckoo.

"What character! very fine! Don't you drop your eggs in any nest that comes convenient, and leave your young ones to be brought up at the expense of strangers? And this is not all you are accused of; I really should be ashamed of having half the things said of me that are said of you—*quite ashamed!*"

"Friend," said the cuckoo, "whatever may be said of me, my habits of life are, in truth, wholly unknown; and where there is mystery, it is seldom solved in a charitable way. There is, however, no mystery about *you*—you are an acknowledged thief; and it may be taken for granted that those who are most forward in harshly prejudging a doubtful case have an inward consciousness of their own misdoings, and hope, by blackening others, to come out cleaner by comparison."

IMPOTENT MALICE.

"WHAT a noise the dogs are making! what are they doing?" asked an old owl of her neighbour.

"Baying at the moon; I hope they won't hurt her!" replied the neighbour, anxiously.

"Hurt her!" she exclaimed; "such an idea is unworthy of an owl. They may crack their throats, and get some kicks from quiet folks to stop their noise, and get laughed at for simpletons too; but—hurt the moon! She won't stay a second in her course, nor part with a single beam, for their raving."

Varieties.

AUTHOR OF "OH, THAT WILL BE JOYFUL!"—Among the deaths recorded this autumn was that of Mr. Thomas Bilby, aged seventy-eight, who had been for twenty-eight years parish clerk of Islington. Mr. Bilby was the author of that familiar hymn, with its cheery tune, the most popular of all hymns with children,

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.
Oh, that will be joyful!"

Thomas Bilby was a native of Southampton. In 1809 he enlisted as a soldier and remained eight years in the army. He always took much interest in juvenile education, and studied the "Infant School System" under Mr. Buchanan, whose seminary on Brewer's Green, Westminster, is said to have been the first *infant* school in England. In 1825 Mr. Bilby obtained charge of a training school at Chelsea, where upwards of five hundred male and female teachers were instructed under his superintendence. In 1835 he went to the West Indies as inspector of schools, and introduced the new method of juvenile teaching into several of the islands. From his labours, in connection

with the Rev. James Reynolds, the "Home and Colonial Infant School Society" took its origin. Jointly with Mr. R. B. Ridgway he published several works which have been largely useful in schools, "The Nursery Book," the "Book of Quadrupeds," and "The Infant-Teachers' Assistant." The well-known hymn, "Oh, that will be joyful!" was first printed in 1832. It has long been taken as public property, and in looking through more than a dozen collections in common use we find in none of them the name of the author mentioned. The last we heard of Mr. Bilby before the notice of his death, and of his burial at Finchley, was the gift sent of a copy of the hymn "Joyful," with music arranged (by Mr. J. Tilleard) for four voices, with accompaniment for pianoforte or harmonium. It is inscribed, "With the author's kind respects. Thomas Bilby." To have written this one hymn is an honour many poets of lofty pretension might envy. This tribute of respect we are glad to lay on the veteran teacher's grave.

LOURDES.—"Lourdau! Lourdau!" was the punning cry of ridicule which greeted the departing pilgrims at the Parisian railways on the journey to the cave of "Our Lady of Lourdes." Many of the pilgrims were not such "blockheads" as this nickname implies. "Pilgrimages are the mode in France nowadays," another shrewd observer says, "precisely as Longchamps horse-races and Bœuf-gras processions have been at other seasons." Like crinolines and chignons they are not new contrivances, but simply old fashions revived; and as they bring people out into the open-air, far up among mountain regions, or lovely scenery, they may be called healthy pastimes. The great gathering at La Salette was in September, that of Lourdes one month later. Both shrines were crowded throughout this summer. In a cave at Lourdes, in the valley of Gave de Pau, on the French side of the Pyrenees, on the 11th of February, 1858, "the Blessed Virgin appeared to a peasant girl, and said to her in French, 'Je suis l'immaculée Conception.'" Many times afterwards she reappeared. Ever since, crowds have made pilgrimage to the grotto where this miracle took place. A full-length statue of the Virgin occupies the spot of the first apparition. French Deputies are among the pilgrims, with many of the old nobles, and devout women of all ranks and classes! Poor France!

WHERE ARE THE TEN TRIBES?—The article on this subject by Professor Rawlinson, of Oxford (now also Canon of Canterbury), in the "Leisure Hour" for July, has attracted much notice, and brought many comments and replies. Among other communications is a letter from Mr. Hine, author of a pamphlet referred to by Professor Rawlinson, asking permission to reply in these columns. Professor Rawlinson's article is a brief statement of what is really known from history on the subject. A lengthened controversy we have no room for, nor would it be in place. Mr. Hine's name was not mentioned, and no personal offence could be intended in criticising his theory. His pamphlet can be purchased for a few pence, and has already had a wide circulation. He seems to have persuaded many readers that the English nation is indeed "the lost house of Israel" in spite of the historical, philological, and physical facts opposed to the theory. With regard to the marked "racial" features of the Jews, he says that this is part of the curse on the two tribes who invoked it on themselves at the time of the crucifixion of the Messiah. The ten tribes had no part in this curse, being then far distant in Northern Asia. In their remote captivity they multiplied "as the sands of the sea," according to ancient promise, and, in the shape of Scythians and Goths, afterwards overran Southern Europe, while the main body of them formed the Teutonic hordes who possessed Northern Europe, and became in the fulness of time "the Anglo-Saxon race." It is a very imposing theory, but before any bewildered student of prophecy accepts it, he had better see how it looks in the light of Professor Rawlinson's historical statement.

HEATHENS.—A Hindoo, writing in reply to the reported speech of the Archbishop of Canterbury, protested against those being regarded as heathens who "adopt the views of celebrities like Tyndall, Huxley, Mill, Darwin, and Herbert Spencer." It must be consoling to these philosophers to find their tenets highly approved by the modern wise men of the East, who oppose the work of missionaries, and prefer paganism to Christianity.

FAKEL DANCE AT A ROYAL PRUSSIAN WEDDING.—As soon as the royal party entered, the trumpets and kettledrums of the King's Garde du Corps and the regiment of Gendarmes struck up a sort of prelude. The grand marshal, with his long black wand, led off first; the ministers, with their flaming torches, followed; then came the Prince and his wife, and the four maids of honour bearing the train, slowly marching towards

the Royalties, ranged in a circle round the throne. The Princess left the arm of her husband, and, advancing towards the King, courtesied profoundly, thus inviting him to make the first tour with her. This over, the same ceremony was gone through with all the princes, according to the order observed in the marriage procession. The Prince then commenced his tours—first with the Queen-mother, then with the Queen, and all the princesses in succession; the ministers with their hymeneal torches preceding each couple. To some of the festive torchbearers these numerous tours seemed to be *tours de force* they were hardly equal to, and they must surely have succumbed if Providence had not spared them the minuets with which they at first were threatened. But at length the tours were ended, and the royal bride and bridegroom were then escorted to their apartments to undress; the former by the Queen-mother and the other royal ladies, the latter by the King and princes.—*Memoirs of Sir George Jackson.*

POLYTECHNIC COLLEGE.—The Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street has added another claim to its high reputation and usefulness as a place of popular education and entertainment. The "classes" for various branches of useful knowledge have been so successful, that the patrons and friends of the Institution have put the arrangements on a more permanent footing, by establishing a new "people's college" at the Polytechnic. The plan sketched by Lord Shaftesbury at the opening of the college in October is being well carried out, in female as well as male branches of useful and practical knowledge. In the latter department a school of cookery might very well be added, if there is space, and if arrangement could be made with one of the great contracting firms, in whose hands the department would be a financial success from the number of visitors to the Polytechnic. Thus girls might obtain, on reasonable terms, instruction in an art in which young women and young wives are too often deficient.

NORWEGIAN JUBILEE.—The story of "Gustavus Vasa; or, Prince and Peasant," recalls another epoch in Scandinavian history, of which there was a grand celebration in July of this year. The millennial festival of the establishment of the kingdom of Norway was held at Christiania, under the auspices of Prince Oscar, now King of Sweden and Norway. The streets and vessels in the harbour were profusely decorated with flags, evergreens, and flowers. In the public squares decorative monuments were erected. There was firing from Akerhus Castle. Speeches, music, dancing, and a great display of fireworks ended the day. Prince Oscar, attended by the Prime Minister, Stang, unveiled the Harold monument in the presence of deputations from the Storting, the University, the Supreme Court, and from the Norwegians resident in America. There was Divine service in all the churches throughout the kingdom. Similar festivities were held in many parts of the old mountain fatherland.

EPHESIAN TEMPLE OF DIANA.—The temple which is now being exhumed was in process of completion when Alexander passed into Asia, B.C. 334, in succession to one that had been set on fire on the night of his birth, B.C. 356. We now have in the British Museum a part of one of these columns sculptured in relief, as sent home from the site by Mr. J. T. Wood. It is the lowest portion of a column, of marble, about 7 feet in diameter at bottom, and 6 feet in height. The figures are the Greek gods and goddesses, winged Victories, and the like, features and draperies admirably modelled.

COACHING IN 1872.—"No fewer than seven coaches," writes Mr. A. G. Scott, the hon. secretary, "have been leaving London during the past summer, with results not alone satisfactory to their proprietors, but to all who have assisted in, and watched the growth of, the present revival. Of the two of which I am especially privileged to write, the 'Brighton' and 'Dorking,' I can report most favourably. The latter, during its but too brief season, repeated the success of last year; it hardly ever had to carry a light load, and was never once without a passenger, while the former, the 'Brighton,' seems but to increase in popularity, the seats, both inside and outside, having of late been more in request than ever. In all this there is much room for congratulation—much to encourage, for, style it plaything, whim, or whatever you will, the taste for 'coaching' has now taken deep root, and may be looked upon as the re-establishment of a pure, unselfish sport. Next May, if not earlier, both the 'Brighton' and 'Dorking' will reappear—as, indeed, will the 'Tunbridge Wells,' 'Wycombe,' and 'Reigate'—three most admirably appointed coaches. I hope, too, to be then able to introduce the oft-promised 'Afternoon Dorking,' which will offer peculiar attractions to the many who now plead that they cannot afford a whole day for a drive."